"Hush" (played in Jasper’s car)  
Words and Music by Joe South  
Performed by Deep Purple  
Published by Sony/ATV Music Publishing  
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I got a certain little girl, she's on my mind  
No doubt about it, she looks so fine  
The best girl that I ever had  
She's gonna make me feel so bad  
Yeah, make me feel so bad  
  
She's got loving like quicksand  
Only took one touch of my hand  
Blow my mind and I'm in so deep  
Can't eat, I can't sleep, yeah  
I can't sleep, yeah  
  
Hush, hush, I thought I heard her  
Calling my name now  
Hush, she took my heart  
But I love her just the same now

Hush, thought I heard her  
Calling my name now  
Hush, hush, I need her loving  
But I'm not to blame now  
  
I got her early in the morning  
Late in the evening  
  
Hush, hush, I thought I heard her  
Calling my name now  
Hush, she took my heart  
But I love her just the same now  
  
Hush, thought I heard her  
Calling my name now  
Hush, hush, I need her loving  
But I'm not to blame now  
  
I got her early in the morning  
Late in the evening

"Life in a Glass House"(Played while smoking ‘strawberry cough’)  
Composed by Thom Yorke , Colin Greenwood, Ed O'Brien,   
Phil Selway and Jonny Greenwood  
Performed by Radiohead  
(c) Warner/Chappell Music Limited  
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Once again, I'm in trouble with my only friend  
She is papering the window panes  
She is putting on a smile  
Living in a glass house  
  
Once again, packed like frozen food and battery hens  
Think of all the starving millions  
Don't talk politics and don't throw stones  
Your royal highnesses  
  
Well of course I'd like to sit around and chat  
Well of course I'd like to stay and chew the fat  
Well of course I'd like to sit around and chat  
But someone's listening in.  
  
Once again, we are hungry for a lynching   
That's a strange mistake to make  
You should turn the other cheek  
Living in a glass house  
  
Well of course I'd like to sit around and chat  
Well of course I'd like to stay and chew the fat  
Well of course I'd like to sit around and chat  
But someone's listening in.

"The Court of the Crimson King"(Played in the Ark scene)  
Written by Robert Fripp, Greg Lake, Ian McDonald,   
Michael Giles, Pete Sinfield  
Performed by King Crimson  
Published by BMG Music Publishing Limited  
Appears courtesy of DGM Ltd.  
On behalf of Robert Fripp

The rusted chains of prison moons  
Are shattered by the sun.  
I walk a road, horizons change  
the tournaments begun.  
The purple piper plays his tune,  
The choir softly sing;  
Three lullabies in an ancient tongue,  
For the court of the crimson king.  
  
The keeper of the city keys  
Put shutters on the dreams.  
I wait outside the pilgrim's door  
With insufficient schemes.  
The black queen chants  
the funeral march,   
The cracked brass bells will ring;  
To summon back the fire witch  
To the court of the crimson king.  
  
The gardener plants an evergreen  
Whilst trampling on a flower.  
I chase the wind of a prism ship  
To taste the sweet and sour.  
The pattern juggler lifts his hand;  
The orchestra begin.  
As slowly turns the grinding wheel  
In the court of the crimson king.  
  
On soft grey mornings widows cry,  
The wise men share a joke;  
I run to grasp divining signs  
To satisfy the hoax.  
The yellow jester does not play  
But gently pulls the strings  
And smiles as the puppets dance  
In the court of the crimson king.